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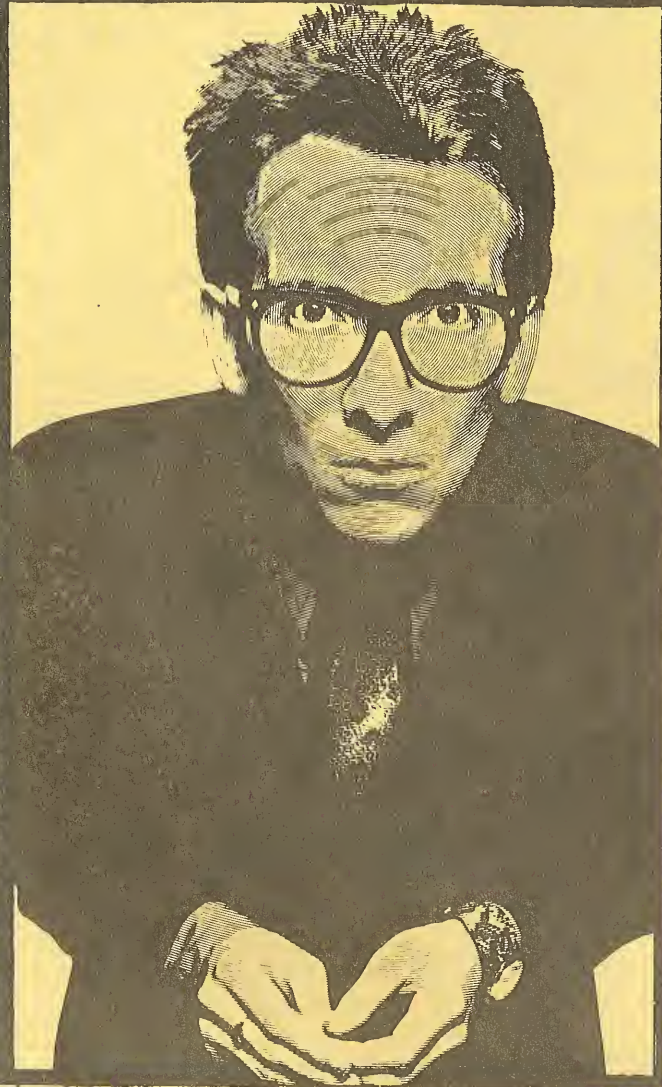
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NO.8

APRIL
1978

\$1

UK: 55p



INTERVIEW



ELVIS

W

VILETONES

TEENAGE HEAD'S
LITTLE-KNOWN PAST

EAT OUT WITH
THE RUNAWAYS

THE DIODES
IN NEW YORK

THE FORGOTTEN
'REBELS' FAN MAIL

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1. RICH KIDS.....THE RICH KIDS.....(1977)
2. I'M IN LOVE.....The Rutles.....(1978)
3. LESS THAN ZERO.....Elvis Costello.....(1977)
4. ROCKAWAY BEACH.....The Ramones.....(1977)
5. HOLD MY HAND.....The Rutles.....(1978)
6. SLOW DEATH.....The Flamin Groovies.....(1972)
7. SURF CITY.....Jan And Dean.....(1963)
8. TEENAGE LOBOTOMY.....The Ramones.....(1977)
9. RED RUBBER BALL.....The Diodes.....(1977)
10. NO ACTION.....Elvis Costello.....(1978)

Dear Pigs,
I was reading through your mag and I thought it might be a punk paper but what the fuck man. Your writing stories that are pure shit about pure shit bands like Simply Saucer, Battered Wives, and The Concorde. Do you really know what punk is? Have you been around David's lately? You should be writing things about the punk scene. Like I mean why the fuck don't you write about The Ugly or The Curse. How come you haven't written about The Shock Theatre? Did you know that it even existed. Did you know there is a new punk band from Vancouver called The Skulls? How come you haven't mentioned the fact that there are other publications out around town that are better than yours? Where the fuck are you from anyway man, a fuckin pig farm? So stuff that in your fuckin paper you pigs.

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ACCEPTED BY TELEPHONE MONDAY

round

WANTS CRANSTON

WANTS LIST

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LP CHOCOLATE WATCH BAND One Step Beyond, Inner Mystique
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LPs JAN & DEAN Dore 101, Pop Symphony, Save For A Rainy Day
LP MARCUS HOOK ROLL BAND Tales Of Old Granddaddy (EMI Australia 1975)
LP MORE Something Else
LPs 065 Revival, We're Gonna Make It (Dutch)
LP RATS Rats First (Goodie UK or European 1974)
LPs DICK DALE Summer Surf, Rock Out Live At Cicco's
LPs TROGGS Troglomania, Mixed Bag, Hip Hip Hoorey, As I Am
LP ROY ORBISON Hank Williams The Orbison Way
LP SADISTIC MIRA BAND Mike Band Live
LP VARIOUS ARTISTS That'll Be The Day (UK edition)
Also: Obscure & related recordings by the above plus VELVER UNDERGROUND, KINGS, T-REX,
ELEVATORS, SAVAGE ROSE, GARY GLITTER, RATTLES, SPANGING BLUE JEANS, etc. and many punk
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Punk turkey.

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THE DIODES
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NICK LOWE
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LOU REED
AND YOU · IF
YOU WANT 2B
P.P. NO.9

Dentially there are two punk rock bands with the
name, the Pigs, one in Detroit, the other in Eng-
land. Looks like you can't keep a good name
down.

UNTIL SUNDAY 9TH
AN EVENING WITH
ADOLPH HITLER

DOWNSTAGE

**A Prayer
for Elvis**

Dear Lord, when he comes knocking,
I beg you DON'T BE CRUEL.
He was more than just a HOUND DOG.
He was the King of Cool.
I know that now he's in Your hands,
though he once did LOVE ME TENDER.
But if there's no room for him
at Your HEARTBREAK HOTEL,
please RETURN TO SENDER

August 16, 1977

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PIG PUNK PART 4

PIGSCCLUSIVE BUFFALO PUNK REPORT/HAMILTON TOO!

BERNIE KUGEL of the great BIG STAR fanzine has just supplied us with an up-to-the-minute run-down of the newwists of upstate New York. For further details, contact BK at 104 Claremont Avenue, Buffalo, New York, USA 14222. These bands are Toronto-bound soon too.

Blue Reimondos



JOHN BEE KING



PETER LABONNEX



BRUCE EATON

Around since '69 or '70, the core of the group being BRUCE EATON and PETER LABONNEX, the latter the songwriter, leader, guitarist, singer. Top Hits: "If Looks Could Kill", "Duke Of Earl", "Roots", "Roadrunner", "Tarzan Jane Hungry", "Eyes And Legs", "The Big Flood", and "Night Shift Nurse". Unlike any other music of any other band, but vaguely VELVETS, DOORS-y. Farfisa Organ-crazy fun music, definately meant to be enjoyed drummer BRUCE emphasizes. Most recently rounded-out by bassist JOHN BEE KING. One night too long ago crazy PETER wandered into a bar somewhere in Buffalo and started playing MORRIS ALBERT's "Feelings" and had everyone crying their eyes out. He then played one of his own songs startling the angered customers who didn't understand its bizarreness. A fight ensued. A few days later PETER left town and is now supposedly residing in Vermont! That leaves BRUCE and JOHN who will be recording tapes using guitar and keyboards respectively which will soon see release on BIG STAR Records along with hours more great stuff in the can. So at least temporarily there are no live REIMONDOS, but that may change someday as we all take up a common cry: PETER COME HOME!

THE JUMPERS

BOB KOZAK(guitar,vocals),TERRY SULLIVAN(vocals),SCOTT MICHAELS(guitar),CRAIG MEYLAN(bass), ROGER NICHOL(drums) are fuckin legends and superstars in their native suburb of Hamburg (New York) where they've been playing in one form or another for over five years. Unlike THE REIMONDOS' strange sounds, THE JUMPERS' music is firmly mid-Sixties BEATLES/STONES/EASYBEATS. Top Hits: "Cabin Five","100 MPH","You'll Know Better When I'm Gone","The Power In These Eyes","I Can't Make It Without You","California", and more. Another band with an EP forthcoming on BIG STAR, they can really control audiences when playing live. Could definately be The Next Big Thing.

THE GOOD

BERNARD KUGEL(vocals,guitar,bass),DAVE MEINZER(vocals,bass,guitar),MAC(vocals,bass,guitar), DIMITRI POPADOPOULIS(etc.) are two writers, a record story guy, and a layout guy. Another fanzine band! Top Hits: "New Wave Girl","The Way I Feel Tonight","Devoted To You","Night Time","Mail On Sundays","Be Agressive They Say","Can't Seem To Make You Mine","I'm Not Your Steppin Stone". Emotional, melodic new wave influenced by BLUE ASH, CARGOE, DEL SHANNON, TROGGS, ABBA, and KINKS. Naturally, they were also snatched up by BIG STAR Records. Hopefully you'd let your sister go out with them.

Meanwhile in Hamilton, the past several months have produced nearly a dozen new and vital bands of every variety who join ranks with town veterans Simply Saucer, The Loved Ones, and Teenage Head. On February 25th 1978, three of these bands rented the YMCA and staged a concert the likes of which has never been witnessed in Toronto let alone "Hamtown". The three were ACE, THE WANDERERS, and



THE FORGOTTEN REBELS

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FAN MAIL

No jokes, please

February 28, 1978

Mr. M. [REDACTED]
Hamilton, Ontario

Dear Mr. [REDACTED]:

Please be informed that our following expenses must be paid within two weeks from today.

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Damage to Ladies Washroom [REDACTED]	\$ 50.00
Total	\$400.00

I would also like to inform you that at no time in the future your group will be allowed to use the YMCA facilities.

Sincerely

George
Manager

4

**Violence
shatters**

**trapped
under bus
wheels**

ceiling down

ARE, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT Les Ripper (guitar - influences: Sex Pistols, Kiss; ambition: to show Toronto that Hamilton punks are Tops), Mikkey de Sadist (influences: Sex Pistols, Iggy Pop and James Williamson, Ace Frehley; ambition: to get my hands on Sally Cato), Mister Madness (drums - influences: Kiss, Generation X, Montrose; ambition: to play Shock Theatre), Chriss Suicide (bass - influences: Gene Simmons, Sid Vicious, Capt. Sensible; ambition: to be louder than The Viletones) Led by guitarist-vocalist-composer Mikkey, the Rebels are already legends in their hometown, and feel only they are worthy of filling the gap left when their lone competitors, The Viletones, flee to the UK. To the left is a copy of their first fan mail in reaction to their February 25th concert.

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NEVER
THE BOI

Rotten interview is rotten

SEX P

SEX P

NEW YORK (CRAP)—Johnny Rotten and the Sex Pistols have split for good. In an exclusive interview last week, Rotten, the groin and hindquarters of the disbanded group, had this to say. "Gimmee ten bucks."

When it was explained to him that the already impoverished paper's budget

had been cut by two thousand dollars he replied. "The world is not listening to what you say, it's watching what you are doing."

It was pointed out to him that this sort of philosophy got the paper's budget cut. Rotten said, "Beware of a half-truth, you may have hold of the wrong half."

As the interview got entirely out of hand Rotten commented. "If your wife wants to drive the car it would be foolish to stand in her way." He continued with, "Prejudice is a great time-saver, it enables us to form opinions without getting all the facts."

After being given ten dollars to end the interview Rotten said, "Conceit is God's gift to the little men." As if this wasn't enough, he

said, free of charge. "There are two kinds of people in this world—the good and the bad. Of course, it's the good ones who decide who the bad ones are."

Upon shaking hands goodbye, Rotten concluded, "Prove to people you're a live wire and you won't get stepped on. Although it is true that you learn from your mistakes it is not the recommended way to broaden your knowledge."

PIGOSSIPIGOSSIPIGOSSIPIC

STILL GOING STRONG!—The Hotel Isabella is now Toronto's top new wave showcase. THE VILE TONES were responsible for opening it (as they were just about every other stage in the city that's ever been punk'd) Feb. 13. Next up were THE CURSE (who held the press reception for their debut 45 there Mar. 16), and since then, TEENAGE HEAD, THE BATTERED WIVES, THE DENTS, THE FORGOTTEN REBELS, THE CONDEMNED and SIMPLY SAUCER have performed there. The Isabella's first out-of-town bill is headlined by Montreal's foremost punques THE ACTION Apr. 3—800000 PIG PICKS XTC, hot onto the charts with 1st LP "White Music", are currently on tour in Europe for the first time as headliners. Currently being negotiated is a North American tour with TALKING HEADS this fall. For up-to-date info, contact LISA ANDERSON at Virgin Records (2-4 Vernon Yd., Portobello Rd., London W.11) 00000 THE CADS, after an autumn fall, resurfaced in Toronto's Beverly Tavern in late January, sporting ex-DIODES bassist JOHN KORVETTE. The result was the biggest crowd The Bev's ever held. They've just released an EP, and are featured April 15 at The Metro Theatre 00000 which, by the way, is about to stage "No, It Isn't Punk" Concerts every other Friday midnite. Series organizer JIMMY PITARO promises a DEVO/SIMPLY SAUCER bill this spring 00000 THE RUNAWAYS loved Toronto so much when they played here first in January that they returned to the city's famed El

OSSIPIGOSSIPIGOSSIPIGOS

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PIG: What do you think of Toronto?
 ELV: If one more person tells me "Have A Good Day" I think I'll shoot them.
 PIG: Do you prefer Canadian audiences to American?
 ELV: I am an extraordinarily bitter person.
 PIG: How do North American audiences in general compare with British?
 ELV: If one more person tells me "Have A Good Day" I think I'll shoot them.
 PIG: Many are surprised that such a British-flavoured album as MY AIM IS TRUE has become a hit in America. How do you account for this?
 ELV: I am an extraordinarily bitter person.
 PIG: Is it true that you won your recording contract with Columbia by serenading their convention in London last summer and as a result being arrested?
 ELV: If one more person tells me "Have A Good Day" I think I'll shoot them.
 PIG: To what do you attribute your in many ways unexplicable American success?
 ELV: I am an extraordinarily bitter person.
 PIG: The Sex Pistols were supposed to have performed on the Saturday Night Live TV show the night you did, or was that just a rumour circulated to guarantee you a big audience that night?
 ELV: If one more person tells me "Have A Good Day" I think I'll shoot them.
 PIG: This afternoon I heard a tape of your new album THIS YEARS MODEL. You said it was going to be more rocked-up than MY AIM IS TRUE but I think it's just as lame.
 ELV: I am an extraordinarily bitter person.
 PIG: And how do you cope with the fact that visually you're nothing but a cheap Buddy Holly imitator?
 ELV: If one more person tells me "Have A Good Day" I think I'll shoot them.
 PIG: And musically, you're seeming incapable of nothing more than chanting fake Dylan rhymes over old Gary Lewis And The Playboys Licks.

ELV: I am an extraordinarily bitter person.
 PIG: I mean, 'fess up, will ya? If it hadn't been for Columbia's multi-billion dollar ad campaign, you'd still be programming computers.
 ELV: If one more person tells me "Have A Good Day" I think I'll shoot them.
 PIG: Christ, y'know when I first heard about you I thought that anyone Nick Lowe associates with can't be all that bad, but Boy, was I wrong!
 ELV: I am an extraordinarily bitter person.
 PIG: Really, your music is the worst hunks of shit to have come down the pipes since Blue Oyster Cult.
 ELV: If one more person tells me "Have A Good Day" I think I'll shoot them.
 PIG: And to make matters worse, us poor abused journalists have to go through hell just to bask in your presence, and those of us who are deemed honoured enough to win a few words from you soon realize it wasn't worth the trouble. The only journalists you talk to are those who love you, or are they really Columbia PR men in disguise?
 ELV: I am an extraordinarily bitter person.
 PIG: You can say that ag- whoops...
 ELV: I am an extraordinarily bitter person.
 PIG: A minute ago you just wrenched a fanzine-editor friend of mine's arm just because he said your suit smelled.
 ELV: If one more person tells me "Have A Good Day" I think I'll shoot them.
 PIG: Elvis Costello, go fuck yourself.
 ELV: I am an extraordinarily bitter person.
 PIG: Hey! Leggo my arm! Fuckin' asshole....

CBS

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March 16, 1978

Mr. Gary Pig,
 Pig Productions,
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 ONTARIO L5G 1Z9

Dear Gary:

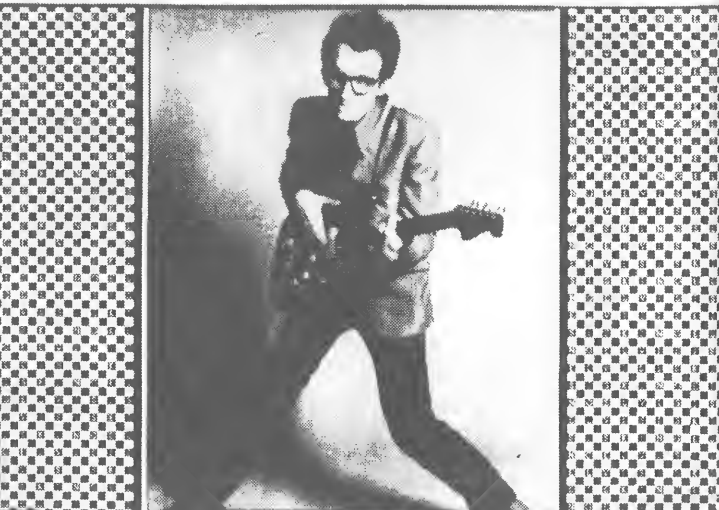
I am sure that you became aware of the fact that Elvis Costello will not talk to Press or T.V. so that in regard to your request for a Costello interview, there was nothing that could have been arranged.

Congratulations on your publication, however, I have not seen an issue of The Pig Paper since your August edition. If you have been printing, please mail to me copies that I may have missed, so that we may ensure a continuing flow of information for your use in the magazine.

Sincerely,


 Terry McGee,
 Manager of Press and Publicity

★ ELVIS ★ ★ COSTELLO ★



Now available his recent album 'MY AIM IS TRUE'
 on CBS Records and Tapes

March 6 & 7


EL MOCAMBO



**BILL
McAVORY**

The Triumphant Return: CROWBAR

Toronto is now witnessing the return of that old favourite, Crowbar. They left the city in 1974 for a tour of the Far East and only now, four years later, have they returned to the city's bar circuit. "Back then, we realized we either had to get out of Toronto or split up" said leader Kelly Jay when I spoke with him at his home near Hamilton a few weeks ago. "Jeez, the places we played overseas - every slimy beer can... but the money was good and there was never any question of breaking up, except for Joey Chirowski, who got an offer from Lou Reed he couldn't refuse". Crowbar toured solidly until early 1976 when they swung into Japan. There, in the city of Kobe, they wrangled a week's booking at the Emerald Heart Club. The engagement ended up lasting over eighteen months. "They wouldn't let us leave the stage, never mind the city" recalls Kelly. "We were treated like kings. We even had our pictures on bubblegum cards! One Roly Greenway card was worth five or six Jimmy Osmond cards. But my biggest regret was the recording scene over there. In all that time we cut only one EP: I sang two songs, Roly sang one, and John "Ghetto" Gibbard sang one in phonetic Japanese. My two songs, "Cherry Pie" and "Shanghied" eventually got released in Canada (Puck 45 SL 7605) and is still available". In spite of the gratifying reception, homesickness gradually set in. "Sonny Bernardi left for a long time and came back to play with Shooter, then he rejoined us. I guess I was the next to crack. I came home in mid-'76 and hung around for eight months, got married, wrote a bit. Then I re-did "Cherry Pie" with some friends, released it, and had a minor hit with it. By this time Ghetto, Rheal Lantheir, Roly and Sonny had come back home. We called in Ray Harrison from Shooter on organ and cut "Run, Run, Rudolph", which was released under my name even though we planned for it to go out as a Crowbar record". In December 1977 the band hit the road in Southern and Eastern Ontario, ending up back in Toronto in February. Their recent showcase week at the Colonial Tavern was to be an opportunity for old fans to get re-aquainted with the new Crowbar. This was hardly necessary -



The classic Crowbar of the early 70s at the Toronto Bus Terminal about to embark on tour.

"Classics" is unpretentious, im- perfect, good-time music that rarely bores me and I am no Crowbar fan. I would not call their music unique or truly original but nevertheless it does have character, mainly that of Kelly Jay who ain't too melodic. For devout Crowbar fans. "Classics" includes the national hit "Oh What A Feeling" as well as FM favorites "Murder In The First Degree" and "Where Were You?". The album cover is good too.

STRICTLY
CANADIAN
REVIEWS
BY
SMENDELSON



presenting Kelly Jay with the RPM Gold Leaf Award for outstanding record sales. The photo is more classic than the music. Energy, humour and spontaneity seem to be the essence of Crowbar. Kelly Jay and Josef Chirowski play well together. Sonny Bernardi ain't perfect but he sure makes Crowbar rock. "Classics" offer the listener variety. "Oh Never Be A DoDo" is like comic relief and I welcome it.

Crowbar Classics
(Memories Are Made Of This)
Daffodil

Who can say what 'classics' are or are not? Crowbar can and does. "Crowbar Classics" is a foldout album. Frequently the visual contents of foldouts is a waste. Not here though; what you get is a pictorial history of Crowbar's evolution featuring Prime Minister Trudeau

It's still the same old band, playing amazingly tight good old rock'n'roll. And "Oh What A Feeling", their gigantic hit of six years ago, is still the showstopper. As Kelly says, "There'll always be a place for good, simple rock. Even though we once had to leave Toronto because people wanted synthesized shmaltz, just look at us now!"

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Back in High School

I played chinese checkers. That was before I lost all my marbles. Now I listen to Teenage Head. They even do "Drive-In" which is a fabulous Beach Boys song.

I remember the day they coagulated. We were all listening to MORE OF THE MONKEES (see page 29) back in 67 in my basement and Gord (guitar) queried "Why can't we play this at 45?". Then Steve (bass) inquired "Can I use your mother's eye shadow?". After that Nick (drum) asked "If I take Chanzibar (see PIG Paper #7, page 9) out the back will he do anything sick on the lawn?" after which Frankie (voice) repulsed "Got any Boston cream pie, or have you only got their first album?"

After turning all these noticably intelligent high-frequency wasteland questions over in my cardboard brain, I suggested "Why don't you ~~back~~ off? You guys are really a bore. Get out of my suburban basement and start a band!" **FLAKE**

A silly average-height-for-his-weight dwarf bought that band from me for a completed income tax return and three DIODES LIVE boxed sets. I was so stupid. I could've been happy, I could've been rich, now I'm a miserable son of a bitch. (That's strange, because I've never said "Son of a bitch" in actual conversation. It sounds like something a Nova Scotia fisherman would say. Now it's a poem. Copyright PIG Publishing, CAPAC).

BEA

I think I might like to become a locksmith some day, even though there's No Future in it For You. When Frankie Venom collides with himself in mid-air in mid-"Log In My Pocket" it reminds me of the time I met Joey Ramone in the House Of Mirrors on Coney Island. Frankie jumps through himself and Joey can't see himself: Two of the greatest examples of Newave Phenomena. Aside from The Diodes LP, a phenomenal pile of

The fabulous Simply Saucer are back from their Brain Shock European Tour 78, ready to blast their way into your yard. The boys played a clean-cut power-pop set at the Hotel Isabella in Toronto on April Fools. Famed



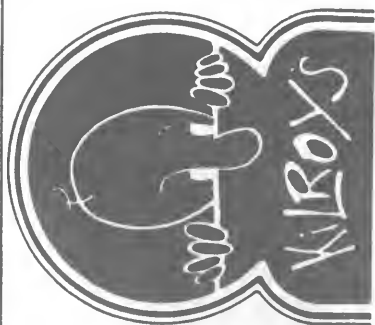
LOCKSMITH

flesh critic-cum-rock cutter Nasty Dog aka Jake Smith or Bob even admits Saucer are "really good".

Nick Lowe is coming to town and he's my favourite bass player. Not forgetting to mention I've been informed he has a charming persona. Buy his new album JESUS OF COOL on Radar Records. Yeah, I can say it. Cool.

But nobody would've ever heard of Teenage Head in Hamilton if The Specs hadn't headed east for a tour leaving a hole in the Max Webster show that Gary Pig recommended My Four for. But nobody would've ever heard of Teenage Head in Toronto if Imants Cranston hadn't dropped them off at the Colonial Tavern en route to his soccer game. But John Brower never would've heard (of) Teenage Head if John (Lennon) & Yoko had of gone through with the Toronto Peace Festival. But "Kissa My Face" b/w "Tearing Me Apart" (Kash 5296344) never would've come out if CBS had renewed The Diodes' contract.

Whenever I bake a cake I use canned icing. Ray Davies isn't a drunk. Phil Lynott, yes, he of PIG Paper #5's Preparation H Award fame, doesn't know himself at all well. Nobody knows Stiv Bators was once called SStin Deluxe.



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VILETONES

GARY AND JOHNNY PIG IN A PIGSCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW WITH NAZI DOG AND FREDDY POMPEII

I was road-managing The Specs Eastern Tour when The Great Toronto Musical Renaissance (aka New Wave) erupted in early 1977. By spring that year, I began noticing these odd yellow posters with "Viletones" written on them up all over town, but it took me till the third of June to finally see what all the fuss was about. The place was the now legendary (what?) Crash'n'Burn club, and onto the stage climbed Mike, Chris, Freddy and The Dog. I loved them then and still do. There's much more than Punk going on in The Viletones - this is because the foursome are not just armchair anarchists but rock'n'roll musicians (a dying breed these days) and in the case of Mr. Dog, a unique individual who's decided he will take his own life in three years. He will, too: Just wait and see. "They're legends" says Cindy Pig matter-of-factly, and that's about it. This interview took place in their pal Margarita's New Rose shoppe on Thursday, March 16, 1978. Read it.

NAZI: You guys gotta give me four bucks before we start. I want a case of beer
GARY: This had better be a good interview...

NAZI: It'll be a four-dollar interview.

One trip to the beer store later:

GARY: Tell us about your past.

NAZI: Before I was in The Viletones I was on welfare. I'm not on it now but I was on it for about a year.

GARY: Any truth to those rumours that you used to be a high-school David Bowie impersonator?

NAZI: No. The guy that said that, Jeffrey Morgan - I'm really gonna beat him up. I'm gonna put Evel Knievel on him. He was paid by CBS Records to say that. I don't want to get into the politics. I'm not in the mood to talk about the fuck-ups we go through.

GARY: It was in STAGE LIFE Magazine.

NAZI: STAGE LIFE... (Scowl) I don't believe anyone read it. I don't really care. Anyways, it's not true. No.

GARY: So you were really listening to Tommy James And The Shondells.

NAZI: Yeah.

GARY: Freddy, what's in your past?

FRED: I'm from the States. I was in a band called The Abridged Version when I was about fourteen years old. I was in a band called Bubble when I was fifteen. We put out a record ("Choo Choo"/"They Call Her Lady" on Dot, 1967) that I sang on. I was in The Syndicate Of Sound for about a month.

GARY: It's funny. It seems everyone I know used to be in The Syndicate Of Sound...

FRED: I had a Beatle hair-cut which at that time was really unusual. I came up to Canada a

To most of the so-called rock critics who inhabit this burg, the semi-infamous-but-boring Viletones are big (if not new) news. To some of us, however, they're just another side show in the rock 'n' roll carnival. Take Nazi Dog, for instance. When I knew him several years ago he wasn't calling himself Nazi Dog. As a matter of fact, he wasn't calling himself anything 'cause he was just another nameless drone who went to the same High School that I did. This was back in 1973-74 during the Glitter Rock craze.

He looked the same back then as he does now (save for the gash marks) - with one small exception: Three years ago, Nazi Dog was a David Bowie look-alike. If you can believe it, that is. Like so many other image-conscious kids during that time, Nazi Dog did his hair up into a spiky Bowie do, slapped on some flash clothes, jewelry, stacked heels and went stalking past the third floor art lockers. Needless to say, he didn't look a thing like Bowie, but that didn't stop The Dog - when you're busy living out a fantasy, such small details usually get swept aside in the overall narcissistic overview.

So, with visions of swastikas in my head, I went down to David's to catch the Viletones and see if The Dog was dressing any better than he was during his High School days.

Whenever I've seen him at the Crash 'n' Burn (or the Shake 'n' Bake as it's also known - for obvious reasons on a hot night), The Dog is usually dressed down in a ripped Tones T-shirt. However, when I caught him at David's (a gay disco-cum-punk palace, if you can swallow that), he had traded his silver Bowie glitter boots for a pair of leather pants (shades of Jim Morrison!) and - get this - a fake SS trenchcoat! (A fashion move obviously nicked from MainMan Vice President Lee Black Childers who took to wearing such an outfit on many an occasion - not to mention ex-Stooge Ron "Dachau" Asheton - who could have The Dog melted to bubbling flesh just by looking at him.)

STAGE LIFE Slander and below, from L to R, Chris, Nazi, Mike & Fred

COMING
SOON
IN
PIG
PAPER
8



few years ago.

GARY: What did you do when you first got to Toronto?

FRED: I used to play gigs with an acoustic guitar but Make Note I was *not* a folk singer. There's a difference between a folk singer and what I was doing. I can't fuckin play any of that "Orange Blossom Special" stuff.

GARY: So what *were* you playing?

FRED: I accompanied myself on acoustic guitar and played original material. It's hard to explain...

NAZI: He was an early Marc Bolan.

FRED: I played The Gasworks a few times. I had a steady gig at The Oxford Inn till it closed down. That was about four years ago. Then I was in jail for a while then I got into rock'n'roll - The Viletones.

GARY: Your bass player Chris Hate used to be in a band called Everyday People that had an album out a few years ago, right? (GRT 9233-1002, 1971)

NAZI: Yeah, he was in them during their decline.

Nazi Dog, well-loved leader of the local punk rock group, the Viletones, is the son of David Leckie, an executive of Benson and Hedges (Canada) Ltd. Contacted the other day at work, Mr. Leckie professed to be unaware of the meaning of "punk rock." Phoning back later, he said he had had some people in the office at the time.

He also adds that Nazi Dog, known in civilian life as Stephen Leckie, does not in fact keep him posted as to the group's doings. "He's 20 years old, and he can live his own life."

GARY: What about Motor Mike, your drummer?

FRED: He played in a few basement blues groups but he never did a gig till he joined with us.

GARY: So how did The Viletones begin?

NAZI: I put over four hundred dollars worth of ads in the paper and I never paid for one of them. I used a different name each time. The Viletones didn't meet on a dead-end street corner y' know. I mean, are you supposed to?

GARY: Not in Toronto.

NAZI: Our first bass player, Jackie Death: We kicked him out. His attitude wasn't where we were at. He said I was trying to be a Hitler - a dictator in the group. He didn't understand. He was sixteen or seventeen. It all shocked him. He's in jail now.

GARY: Did you yourself have a concept laid out for the band or was it all a group decision?

NAZI: I listen to what the others suggest but I get most of the ideas. I'm saying to them what they can't express.

FRED: There was no real concept - We're just a rock'n'roll band.

GARY: Were The Viletones inspired at all by the British punk boom when it first became known in Canada about a year and a half ago?

FRED: That's a dangerous art school attitude.

NAZI: Yeah, that's what that is.

FRED: We were a rock band with short hair, and that's what made us different.

GARY: Just the fact that you began playing in Toronto when all the bands that *do* call themselves Punk got you labelled as Punk yourselves I suppose.

NAZI: We don't associate ourselves with any labels. We're The Viletones, that's all.

FRED: Nobody can sound like us; nobody can rock like us.

NAZI: Iggy Pop tried, but he failed.

FRED: He got too old.

GARY: What do you think about all these so-called Toronto punk bands?

NAZI: Right from the start our competition has been international. We have no competition locally. Bands like The Ugly are definitely Viletones imitators. The Diodes imitate us more than anyone else in their appearance and their attitudes. They even quote me directly in their interviews: Credit my words to themselves! But it's too bad for them. It'll be the death of them.

GARY: Has The Viletones' material been largely original all along?

NAZI: Right from the start. I wrote five songs in under an hour the day we met.

FRED: We never have to play the same set twice in a night.



Mr. Dog Sr. Talks and Mr. Dog Jr. at Crash&Burn - June 3rd, 1977

VILETONES



bringing. My mom had me when she was sixteen years old and when she had me my dad had a car - the whole scene. We've all been in street gangs except for Mike who's always been afraid of hurting people. Chris used to be a boxer. Nowadays I live in Toronto sometimes but I don't have a home. I go from place to place.

GARY: In August 1977 your record came out (Vile 8277). Did you put up your own money for that?

NAZI: No, we had someone put up the money for us. The record's sold over ten thousand copies worldwide and we haven't made any money from it at all. It all went to MegaMedia, our old managers. Yeah, we got ripped off, but we learned and it's not gonna happen again. We've been burnt from gigs too. We don't acknowledge our contract with MegaMedia.

GARY: Are you handling yourselves now?

FRED: (clutching his balls) I've been handling myself for years!

NAZI: We're moving to England on May 3, 1978. The whole crew, and we're just gonna do it there. I mean, I can't believe some of the bands over there - so much shit! We've heard some rumours of The Clash's manager wanting us and Stiff Records are interested in us. We may not even have to pay to get over there! We've had reviews in ROUGH TRADE, MELODY MAKER, a great big full-page thing in SOUNDS.

GARY: Jeremy Gluck did that SOUNDS article didn't he?

NAZI: Yeah. He's in England now and he's gonna be our press agent coz he's got really tight connections with SNIFFIN GLUE...

FRED: ...and he gives great blow jobs.

NAZI: This is it. We're gonna come back to Toronto as "From England: The Viletones". We're too ahead of our time for Toronto, like The Stooges in Detroit in 1969. There's nothing in New York - we've been there alot.

GARY: What are The Viletones going to do to England?

NAZI: We're going to show them what rock'n'roll is. We're going to show them it's more than just spitting and a bunch of shit. We've got something to deliver and we're gonna deliver it. I'm gonna give it my best shot. There's nobody else in Toronto who could do this. The only local band that I think could stand a novelty chance of making it is The Curse. We've inspired them all though. We were very well known even before our first gig.

FRED: Good PR man.

NAZI: Yeah, I had all the PR ideas. We used to put Viletones posters up even though we weren't playing anywhere. All of us except Fred used to walk around in black leather jackets that said "Viletones" and "Viletonettes" on the back. We used to go to The Ontario College Of Art and get in as many fights as possible.

JOHN: Yeah, I saw you get jumped at the OCA "3D" (Dishes/Diodes/Doncasters) concert last spring and you fought till the end. I couldn't believe it!

NAZI: I would not give. I still kept yelling "You little faggot you" and I would not stop because I wanted to stand up for what

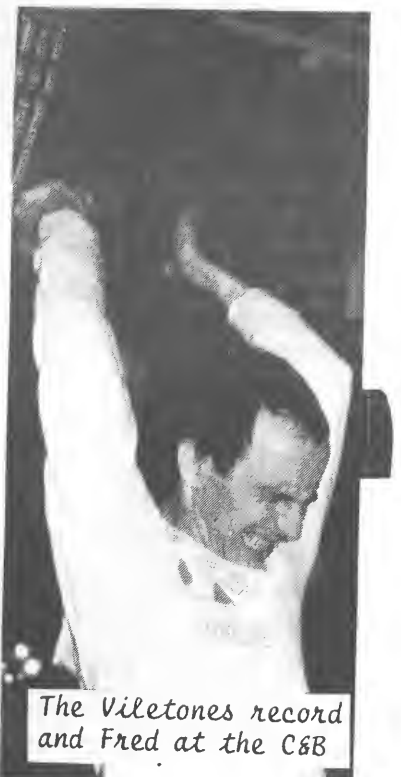
NAZI: We've got almost fifty songs now.

GARY: You do the odd cover too, like The Dead Boys' "Sonic Reducer".

NAZI: Yeah, but that's a parody. The joke hasn't caught on yet I guess. I think The Dead Boys are Aerosmith - they used to have hair down to their elbows and do Kiss. Cheetah Chrome's real name is Eugene O'Connor and they are all super-square guys - I don't use the word "straight". They're hicks from Cleveland. That's like being from Hamilton!

GARY: What bands do you like then? Are the majority British?

NAZI: Not British at all. I'm not interested in them at all. I like mid-Sixties American stuff like The Shondells: Teenage music. You see, I had a very strange up-



The Viletones record and Fred at the C&B

I believed in. I felt I was being treated very unfairly at that concert. But it was *romantic* fighting, not greaseball fighting. I call West Side Story a romantic, cool way of fighting, and there's class involved. We were told we were the only group at the Crash'n'Burn who could take the audience's attention away from the band on stage, just by us being in the crowd. It's all P.T. Barnum, y'know. A lot of people thought we would break up because of the things I was doing. I swear to god I got more hacks on my chest than Iggy has on his entire body. That's why I don't like to wear open shirts because sometimes when I look in the mirror and see how deep some of the gashes are on my arms and knees, and especially where I got knifed in the foot at CBGB's last summer, I get scared.

GARY: Why did you throw Freddy off your back while you were on stage at Max's Kansas City a few months ago?

NAZI: Because I wanted to, and I was very drunk and I couldn't really hold him up on my shoulders and the ceiling at Max's is too low. Freddy was drunk too and couldn't keep his balance. It was a mistake, but I have no regrets about dropping him - I'm glad I did, but I'm sorry I hurt him. I didn't mean to.

RED: (*feigning pain*) I didn't get hurt...

NAZI: I just wanted to show those jerk-offs at Max's that there is such a thing as rock'n' roll that isn't played by longhairs who wear black leather jackets day and night and blue jeans and tennis sneakers like The Ramones. And it worked. I was named one of the top twenty punk-rockers in New York City and I've only played there three times. I think that's an accomplishment. I'm proud of that.

GARY: What are you after in terms of success?

NAZI: I could use some money. I'd like a place to live that I could call Home and I'd like for the group to have good equipment. I'd like to stop having to break my back for kids who don't really care about us and come to see us for a circus act. I want some appreciation. That's my next goal and that's what I'll achieve. I've never been wrong. When I first started this group I told the guys "You are going to be famous and we're going to be on the cover of magazines". I haven't been wrong to them yet, and they haven't been wrong to me either. But things are going to change with The Viletones. Like I said, I'm not breaking my neck anymore. I don't even kick Fred anymore on stage because why should I? The audience doesn't care, so I'll leave him alone. Aside from that, he's playing the right chords now.

GARY: Are you going to kill yourself?

NAZI: I will.

GARY: When?

NAZI: Before I'm twenty-three. I'm twenty now. I just can't see much more of this.

I'm getting away with murder right now.

GARY: What will happen to The Viletones?

NAZI: What happened when Jim Morrison left The Doors?

JOHN: And how did he leave?

NAZI: Exactly. But I don't want to go till Freddy, Chris and Mike have enough money in royalties to carry themselves for a while. I'm not going to announce this or stage a special concert for it. Sometimes I get so depressed and down on myself



during a show that it could happen the next time we play. I think Freddy will vouch for me. He knows me better than the other Viletones and he knows if I feel like doing something I'll do it. I got nothing to lose. It won't be the last you'll hear of me though after I do it. I'll probably be in Lillian Roxon's "Rock Encyclopedia" or something. You know, I want people to get plastic surgery so they can look like me.

I'm the boy born from TV, History made a martyr of me, Blood I bleed for all mankind, Take my body but not my mind. Got the guts to commit suicide, No one kill me just pass me by. -"Rebel Unorthodox"

OLD RECORD STORES NEVER DIE... THEY JUST MOVE TO THEIR ACCOUNTANT'S OFFICE

After eight years of non-stop disc dealing, Larry Round (nee Ellenson) has decided to sit the next one out. Forced to vacate by the creeping chrome chic of uptown trend-set squalor and not entirely clear as to what his latest incarnation should be, Larry seized the opportunity and made a clean break from THE BIZ...

To fully appreciate the meaning and significance of Round Records;

- TAKE ONE sun ripend, street-wise business major from California (the hairier the better).
- ADD and MARRY a level headed woman with a talent for keeping the utter chaos under control and the major details in order.
- MIX IN a slightly manic, very knowledgable beanpole with well developed roots in Jazz and Blues.
- SEASON with cannabis sativa, Lysergic Acid or toasted banana peels.
- PLACE in a tiny office space one flight high overlooking Bloor street west. Stock with carefully selected record albums and half-bake at very reasonable prices until successful.
- GARNISH liberally with your choice of any New-Age possibilities, perhaps a pop-festival or the Grateful Dead.

Serve with a wine that is about to go sour. May we suggest a tasty Chateau Rochedale...

Consider if you will the cultural mildew of the late 1960's pertaining to record stores. In the beginning there was Yossarian's which like all good fly by night record stores did exactly that. But not before begatting Rochedale Records; a store with very low prices, all the latest bootlegs and a habit of closing for the day as soon as the staff had made enough money to pay themselves. Rochedale Records closed under mysterious circumstances. Some say it was because they were arrested for selling stolen records (which would explain the low prices), others maintain it was because someone broke in and stole all their records (which is one way of looking at repossession).



Larry sits in with Drastic Measures for a hot version of "96 Tears".



The Barroness of Vancouver



Enter on the scene Larry, Barbara, and Ted Round who decided to try their hand at the wacky world of hip capitalism. The rest is history so either remember it for yourself or make it up as you go along.

This is the way the record store ends
Not with a bank but a party.....

When Larry announced he was pulling the plug no one believed him. We certainly didn't (but then we found it hard to believe that Larry's cap wasn't sewn to his head). So to prove to everyone that his intentions were also true he decided to throw an industry appreciation day gala testimonial buffet and sock hop. Unfortunately all the choice invitations were snapped up by CPI Cheap Thrills members, so the Pigs had to settle for standing room at the coat check. Anyone who was anyone and quite a few nobodies and hanger-ons were there. The stars on hand to bid a fond farewell included; Larry LeBlanc, Carole Pope, Geddy Lee and The Marchesa Casati to name but a few. Music for the this cross-section of sub-culture throwbacks and industry bores was provided by the very nervous members of Drastic Measures. Messrs. Pope, Dahl, Malone and Morgan put out superb Art-Rock. We strongly suggest you see them soon.

The Pigs will especially miss Round Records. Right from our first issue back in the spring of 1976, Larry has been a source of reliable advice and constant encouragement. When no one else would even return our phone calls, Larry gave the Pig Paper rack space by the cash register and made sure that it was stocked. Larry and his staff built a store based on personal integrity and that integrity was maintained to the closing round.



Don't let this woman's gentle nature fool you. Beneath that friendly facade beats the heart of a real mother.



Ted Round displays his vision of the future.



Larry proudly displays the diamond tiara given to him by Larry LeBlanc.

Sandy is no Sex Pistol

MANCHESTER, England (CP) — Celebrating 70 years in show business this year is Sandy Powell, the 78-year-old Yorkshire comedian whose droll whimsical humor is known to millions at home and overseas.

Sandy first hit the boards in British vaudeville in 1908 when he was only eight. He was billed as a boy soprano and the audience loved his singing. But what really fetched them was his shrill cry, addressed to the back of the gallery: "Can you hear me, mother?"

"I'm not retiring," he said. "I like to earn a bob or two and it's nice that people still want me. I'm booked for the whole of this year and I get letters from all over the place."

"I'm no Sex Pistol, but I'm still in show business and I still drive my own car."

Mocambo to cut a live LP Mar. 30.....THE DISHES, thanx to the folks at The New Yorker Theatre in Toronto, pioneered newwave in the city's previously 100% (except that night THE CURSE got booked there by mistake) Country & Western venue, The Horseshoe Tavern, on Mar. 6. Their co-headliners, England's X-RAY SPEX ("Oh Bondage Up Yours") didn't make it thru customs coz their singer POLY STYRENE is only 14. However, THE DISHES opened for Detroit's incredible ROMANTICS at Toronto's Colonial Tavern Mar. 31. And their 2nd EP, "Hot Property", is just out and is great.....Speaking of DISHES, their drummer STEVEN DAVEY will be as happy to hear that THE DAVE CLARK FIVE's re-issued HITS LP entered the Melody Maker charts in England at No. 11.....And speaking of the Colonial, veteran newavists will recall that it was that club's basement that first

I was pleased and a little surprised to see Jennifer Petteplace's letter, 'Punk rock not garbage', (The Spectator, Dec. 30) defending punk rock. She understands punk rock and its forced reassessment of modern music.

Many of the punk bands are discriminated against as the result of people's prejudiced attitudes towards this new form of rock and roll. A famous example of this is The Sex Pistols being forced to tour England under assumed names because of bannings of their public performances. The Sex Pistols were also refused admission to the U.S.A. and were given no explanation for the refusal.

One reason for the discrimination and the backward attitudes could be the exploitative and sensational reporting of punk rock on television and in newspapers. These reports deal with the exotic and unusual aspects of punk rock and do little to explain the reasons for its existence.

Punk rock is simply a return to the days when music was exciting and a little dangerous, which is the reason rock and roll was started in the first place.

Steve Siddons,
Winona.

People are talking about...

THE CADS DO THE CRABWALK AT THE METRO THEATRE APRIL 15!

PLUS Teenage HEAD · Drastic MEASURES
The ANDROIDS · \$4 at Records on Wheels
and the Metro Theatre, Bloor near Christie





STUPID SONGS

I HAVE KNOWN



Rock'n'roll music, Lester Bangs eloquently states, is essentially nothing more than "a pile of raving shit". Or, as Andy Shernoff of The Dictators asserts less pointedly, "a bunch of tasteless crap". I bring forth these perceptive comments not to denigrate the music I slavishly adore, but rather to laud it and warn against the stifling desire of many to regard rock'n'roll far too seriously. The quintessence of our music is rarely evident in political, spiritual, or symphonic tracts. The heart of rock'n'roll beats in classics which are usually overlooked or, when they are rediscovered in certain circles, smothered in humorless fawning. I would endeavor, then, to offer several model State Of The Artless examples from this honorable but down-played "raving shit" category. Don't misunderstand me: The qualities I enumerate in these songs *are* unquenchably brilliant. Each is its own best tribute. I advise the novice to hunt them down and urge the experienced to thrill once more to the sweet strains of the greatest garbage the world has known. Let's resolve to take rock'n'roll more sportingly and alleviate it of the crippling weight it has been forced to bear. This couplet serves amply as our first objective lesson in the wacky world of three-chord nonsense: *You can have your rings and your diamonds too, All I want is a ring dang doo* (Sam The Sham And The Pharohs). In the world of idiocy, Sam The Sham is what is known as a carrier. "Ring Dang Doo", though it has some credibility, is only one of Sam's many trendsetters in tripe. Others include "Little Red Riding Hood" which ends in shoddy sheep impressions and "The Hair On My Chinny Chin Chin", both of which re-

vealed Top Forty music as the nursery rhyming pap it truly is. Recommended is MGM's SAM THE SHAM'S GREATEST HITS, whose covers are hideous enough to keep it atop your most-played pile with definite persistence. "Let It All Hang Out" by The Hombres, a Texan quartet, hit Number One through some incredible error in 1967. I hesitate to be so final but this lowly song, under three minutes, has less to say than the collected works of Sam The Sham. It is *utterly assinine!* Completely backward playing and a whining, gangrenous vocal combine to prove The Hombres as probably the only rock'n'roll group in history to commit musical suicide and not only live, but flourish. The album



SAM THE SHAM & THE PHAROS

E/SE 4347
On Tour

E/SE 4314
Their Second Album

E/SE 4297
Wooly Bully



is practically unbearable except for the title track. The cover portrays the band in a garbage dump. Take that as a lesson, pretentious artistes of the enlightened Seventies! Have you been as out front with your product? While the psychedelic explosian yielded thousands of awful groups, this decade has so far generated a relatively few very polished, contrived giants of rubbish. In the forefront is my own hero Gary Glitter, whose manager Mike Leander applies Hitler's concept of The

Big Lie to the hit parade. He bypasses lyrics altogether and merely piles one yell upon another into a clunking barrage of excess. Occasionally a verse slips in and gives way to lyrics like *Now I'm gonna spend my life Rockin-and-a-rollin if you'll be my wife*. If it wan't so dumb it might almost be romantic. On the other hand, a tinsel moose like Gary Glitter is hardly the one to inspire romance. Nevertheless, every record he has released is perfect. After all, the first one was, and they're all identical. Chin and Chapman (Chinni-Chap), songwriters for Suzi Quatro, The Sweet, and Mud, churn out scads of worthless tunes monthly. Some are totally insensible ("Can The Can", "48 Crash"), some are ambiguous but intelligible ("Ballroom Blitz"), and some are downright silly. *That's neat that's neat that's neat that's neat, I really love your tiger feet, That's right that's right that's right that's right, I really love your tiger light* ("Tiger Feet"). Perhaps this is an obscure reference to

William Blake's



"Tiger Tiger", but somehow I doubt it. Alas though, it is the greatest rock'n'rollers in American History, The Beach Boys and Phil Spector, who set an example to live by. Spector shows us that genius is not necessarily analagous with literacy: Bobby, no, he'll never do, Tommy, no, it isn't him too ("Walking In The Rain") It isn't him too? Shouldn't that be either? Ahh, I'm quibbling, I know. But get around this: *I love you Eddy, But so does Betty* ("I Love You Eddy"). That's just a sample! Phil Spector gave way to The Beach Boys. I am constantly in awe of their early albums wherein ten out of twelve titles are about cars or, in other cases, girls. (Check out the LITTLE DEUCE COUPE album). It would take a long-running series to document every Beach Boys lyrical pinnacle, but my favourites are "Car Crazy Cutie" (I guess you might say she's a rodder's dream gal, Lots of help when you need it pal, But when it comes to lovin, man yer kisses and hugs, She says "We better clean and gap the plugs) and "All Summer Long" (Do you remember the time you spilled

the dave clark five's
GREATEST




coke all over your blouse?). Add to these such runners-up as "Salt Lake City" and "Don't Back Down", and The Beach Boys emerge as simultaneously the greatest and stupidest group this side of the Atlantic, now and for all time! Which is what I wrote this whole rigamarole in aid of. Rock'n'roll is the music of youth, noted for their immaturity, so why should their music not be equally infantile? Just tell me where the following is any less brilliant than yer TOMMYs and triple-LP epics:

Have you heard about the Jolly Green Giant
He's so big and green
He stands so still
With his hands on his hips
Then he hits you with a can of beans
(The Kingsmen)

Coming Soon:
HOW THE RAMONES GOB IN THE
FACE OF PROGRESS

For an evening that looked doomed to failure, this PIGish night eventually sorted itself out of several trying situations. The PIGs, headed by Gary Pig's influence, managed to be the last three people allowed inside the packed club where The Runaways had just started their shoestring set. Marvin Goodaman of The E-Chords and yours truly settled in with I. Mants and Cindy Pig who'd beat us yoyos to the choice seats by a good two hours. The first buncha tunes by these teenymadamoiselles was the one with which I took to familiarize myself with my fabled surroundings (MICK JAGGER MAY HAVE DRANK HERE) and down a quick quart. But when The Runs marched back atop the tiny stage for the midnight show everyone (except Gary and Cindy who had business in Hannon) were in a more receptive mood. At my table alone sat Ralph Bomp-de-Bomb Alfonso ("The Diodes are playin with The Runaways soon y'know" he reminded us frequently), Steve Mahon of Teenage Head ("I had my picture taken with The

Runaways at a party last night y'know" he reminded us frequently) and several B-Girls ("We're more famous than The Runaways y'know" they reminded us frequently). Despite this, us journalists managed to cop many a quizzzy glare from the never inanimate Joan Jett, the playfully teasing Lita Ford and the best (and I don't mean Pete) of the bunch, drummer Sandy "She's The Best" West. Marvin in particular tore all eyes his way when he began vopping with an unidentified South African on a tabletop. I never condone the consumption of booze but tonight it helped open up the audience and I believe some of the bandmembers. Swell. No body noticed we were hearing the first set all over again! Joan was the Lady in Black prowling around the stage and being sure to upstage new and not-too-lewd Run Vicki Blue. The way Lita ground out the chords using her neat bum and fluid mouth made for, umm, One Hell Of A Show... Sandy's blue eyed cherry, oops, Cheery grin provided a stark contrast to the toughshit stance of J.J. And nobody expected roundton

	JANUARY 12 and 13 THE RUNAWAYS Cover Charge: \$3.00 Downstairs: MICHAL HASEK & SUNDG	JANUARY 14 DOWNCHILD Cover Charge: \$2.50 Downstairs: MICHAL HASEK & SUNDG	JANUARY 17 and 18 MEATLOAF Cover Charge: \$3.00 Downstairs: SONGSHIP	JANUARY 20 and 21 MACLEAN & MACLEAN Cover Charge: \$3.00 Downstairs: SONGSHIP

Cover Charge Includes 10% Entertainment Tax

Runaways-Teenaged, Wild & Braless



Runaways: "Groups like Sweet, Alice Cooper and Kiss try to sing about teenage things. We're 16 and, god, it means more."

se & Tomato Sat
Choice
Choices
Choices
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CHO
roni Onions Si
Tomatos Anchor

HOT S
Beef and Melite
am and Melted
Salami and Mel
ted - Beef, Ham
Burger: Tomato
Mushroo

Please allow 20 minutes for pizza orders.

ex-Turtles Flo & Eddie to bounce onstage for a hairy rendition of "Wild Thing" except maybe The Spanish Inquisition (Charisma CAS 1049). By this time The Elmo was going bonkers! Well, needles to say the male faction of the audience were the most aroused and agitated of the lot, even to the point of donating a shirt to the Cherie Currey Relief Fund. Hanging round outside later, I bumped into our heroines sardine their way into The Group Car bound but not bound for a Detroit concert with The Ramones. They invited me inside for a lift...

Lita, Joan, Jackie, Sandy and Cherie are high-school minors. Together they form a rock 'n roll band called the Runaways.

They sing good. They play good. They compose good. But what they do best of all is communicate what it's like to be a teen-ager.

If you're in your teen years (or can remember what your head was like then), you'll relate to their message.

Because it's all happening to them right now.

THE RUNAWAYS

21

DELETE ZONE

ROCK SERLING'S THE

TIME FOR ANOTHER PIGALBY



with all photos
by the roving lens
of

**JOHNNY
PIG**

(don't be
surprised
if some
time,
some
place,
when
you
least
expect
it...)



MICKEY SKIN OF THE
CURSE SHOWS OFF HER
NEW SHOESHINE BOY
LOOK FOR SPRING '78
(PS: Buy their record)

TWO FAMOUS STIFFS (JESUS OF COOL
and THE KING) LIVE AT THE EL
MOCAMBO (March 1978)



SIMPLY SAUCER
OFFICIAL BILL-
BOARD BOY
"KEVIN FROM
ENGLAND" (NOW
IN NEW YORK)

CAROLE POPE
TAKES TIME
OUT FROM
THE ROUGH
TRADE SPLIT
TO OVERSHADOW
GARAGE BANDS





NEW ROSE'S MARGARITA
PASSION ON THE JOB:
LEADING HER FAITHFUL
EL MOCAMBO PATRONS IN
A ROUSING CHORUS OF "GOD
SAVE THE QUEEN" ('78)

ROBERT GORDON CALLS
THE NEXT CHORD
CHANGE OUT TO LINK
WRAY AT THE ABOVE-
MENTIONED EL
MOCAMBO (January 1978)



FRANKIE VENOM
AND EYEPATCH
(sorry, Brian) ON
HAND FOR THE
RAMONES' JUNE
1977 CONCERTS
AT TORONTO'S NEW
YORKER THEATRE

Send Us Your Own
PI GALLERY PIX. B&W
Only. Screen Each At
100, If You Know What
That Means. HURRY!

PIG PRODUCTIONS



70 COTTON DRIVE. MISSISSAUGA
ONTARIO. CANADA. L5G 1Z9

WHO KILLED REAL RADIO ?

Radio station CFNY-FM, in an attempt to slash it's throat despite it's sound has axed another announcer from it's roster. The latest to be silenced in "Funny Radio's" play list purge was Dave "Daddy Cool" Booth, a man whose peers in local broadcasting could be counted on the digit finger of Larry LeBlanc's left hand.

The origins of Dave Booth can be traced through popular myth to the back seat of a 1940 Wurlitzer. He was raised on the mud flats of the Mississippi Delta by his uncle, the semi-legendary blues master Blind Magic Till. Booth led a normal sort of life until one day something very weird happened to him. While returning home one night from the local roadhouse he sighted and made contact with an unidentified flying saucer. Booth described what he saw as a shiny black platter-shaped object measuring perhaps 60 feet in diameter but only one foot thick. It bore no markings but it did display a deep spiral and groove cut into its underside and a hole through its centre. The craft which seemed to spin on its axis, rotating once every couple of seconds, emitting an unearthly music which Dave described as a "real gone sound". Booth also claims to have had met the craft's sole occupant whom he described as a dark-skinned, handsome man with slicked back hair, who carried his guitar in a cotton sack and walked like a duck. Booth was never quite the same after that night and began to wander the countryside in search of the "real gone sound" he had heard that fateful night. For some reason he found that "sound" in Kitchener, Ontario, where he also found a wife, two kids, a job at Sam The Record Man, a part time radio show on station CHYM, a reputation that carried weight in such respectable joints as Don's Discs, and an unbounded admiration for Bill Haley. So much for popular myth.

The news of Booth's signing to CFNY last September was enthusiastically received by attentive ears who felt that at last a true alternative to the mindless musical blitherings of CHUM and it's clone Q-107 was being established. Little did anyone realize that Harold and Les Allen, the owners of CFNY, were well on their way to prove once again that people with more money than brains should keep their little fingers out of the currant bun. Who else would launch a radio station and then discover that their transmitter had been built out of alignment, meaning that the majority of people living in the Toronto core could not receive the station's signal? That fiasco was followed up with an embarrassingly small and ineffective promo campaign which seemed to leave the Allen Brothers baffled as to why their station had succeeded in attracting only two percent of the available listening audience. The next step in this dance of the crazed sugar daddies called for a scape-goat. Enter David Pritchard, whose head rolled thanks to the ratings racket; enter Reiner Swartz, who shocked his listeners by quitting on air; enter Dave Booth...

The final confrontation between station management and Dave Booth, which had been building for some time, reached crisis proportions on or near the Ides of March when Dave was put on a strict play list in an effort to force him to quit. Booth had successfully ignored the station's "suggested play list". When records that did not match CFNY's fuzzy self conception of radio were "thinned out" of the station library to prevent air play, Booth (considered by many to have one of the best and largest record collections in the Toronto area) simply brought the records from home and played them. Later when station management began placing purple dots next to the song titles deemed acceptable for air play, Booth continued to play what people asked to hear, needed to hear or should hear. Imagine if you will the absurdity of Booth announcing up coming concert dates for The Jam but not being able to play any of their records because they did not appear on that weeks play list. On the afternoon of March 21, Booth was called at home and told not to bother coming in for his show. He had been, as they say, replaced. Obviously his open criticism of station policy had reached the right ears. The saddest part in all of this may be that CFNY continues to claim that their DJs have 100% option over the material they play, (the key word in case you missed it is "option"). A station manager was overheard to remark; "We're not interested in a demographic listening audience, we want to appeal to the universe" (you heard right folks - the Universe). A spokesman for the station when asked to comment on Booth's firing said that he felt Dave was unhappy at CFNY and that his problems with the station stemmed from the fact that he did not provide a broad enough spectrum for his listeners. Anyone who tuned in Dave's program regularly or has had the pleasure of meeting the man will recognize that comment as a flagrant lie.

Dave Booth has probably done more for music and musicians in the last six months than Sam the Record Man has done in the last ten years. Booth's prime time air play of demo tapes by unsigned bands (Teenage Head, Battered Wives, Poles, Diodes) and his behind-the-scene hustling of industry support for new music was unparalleled anywhere. When Booth found his desire to provide his listeners with the latest music imports a financial strain he took a part-time job at PJ Records in exchange for records. He was the first to play the Sex Pistols' album on Toronto radio. Dave Booth is without question the best disc jockey in the Toronto area. His dedication to music and musicians, his precise and accurate knowledge of facts and scenes behind the music he played, and the positive intensity and his true love for all types of music which he infused into his programs, will be greatly missed.

We trust that someone out there will wake up and put Dave Booth back where he belongs... ON AIR!

staged newwave in Toronto, with THE VILETONES, TEENAGE HEAD, and THE DIODES a year ago. It got banned after LONG JOHN BALDRY beat up on the latter, but lately the club's policy is swinging back: On March 22, THE BATTERED WIVES and THE JAM, frinstance 00000 Speaking of THE DIODES, their 2nd 45 "Tired Of Waking Up Tired" is due in May, with a new LP to follow, which, according to RALPH "B.de B." ALPHONSO, may be titled "Crash'n'Burn" after his late great club. Mean- Holland, and is San STRA- and while, THE DIODES' 1st LP is selling in Sweden, Japan, France, and England, being outsold only by THE CLASH in Fransisco's Newwave Racks 0000 THE NGLERS play The Horseshoe in May, THE RAMONES play The Elmo in April 00000 NICK LOWE and ELVIS COSTELLO return to play Toronto's big Massey Hall soon too 0000 At Last: TEENAGE HEAD's 45+ LP due out as you read this. Their tapes won positive responses from Italy, France, and Spain at the recent Midem Internat'l Record Eastern BROWER Conference, and they spent February touring the U.S. seaboard. And, according to manager JOHN "TEENAGE HEAD relieves frustration and tension, and is great for coughs and colds" 0000 NAZI DOG successfully soaked PAUL WELLER of THE JAM at the Colonial recently. In other Vilenews, the 'TONES will headline the "Restricted" punkstravaganza at Toronto's Masonic Temple Apr. 7, and possibly play the HORSESHOE one last time before turning British. OTTEN REBELS are ready to fill their Beatle- RICH KID and "Pretty Vacant" author GLEN saw THE VILETONES at the Isabella while with Capitol-Canada. "They remind old days" he told PG 00000 Latest newwave collectors' item: The -ISSUED farewell SEX PISTOLS' 45 "Gas" b/w a live version of "I Left San Fransisco". Bids, anyone? 0000 THE FORG- MATLOCK negotiating me of the and hottest momentarily "Belsen Is A My Heart In THE POLES and THE DIODES both played the El Mocambo recently—SIMPLY SAUCER and THE BATTERED WIVES due there soon 0000 and NOW... INTRODUCING:

Rocking rector

Reverend Geoffrey Smith, who calls himself a Trap-ist Punk, has been appointed special advisor to the Bishop of Newcastle.

"Some of the records of the Sex Pistols are worth a sermon," he says, "but, no, I don't intend to followe their lifestyle."

The rocking rector added that punk is an indication of the frustration of young people today. "I hope to do something to help."

CBS act the Diodes have embarked on a 24-city, North America tour to support their debut album, self-titled. ... Year end album picks by leading daily rock writers included Sex Pistols, Elvis Costello, Cheap Trick ("In Color") and Bruce Cockburn ("Circles In the Stream"). ...



...titled "Still Here." ... Punk outfit, the Poles, re- turned from New York's CBGB's with an El Mo- cambo date lined up in town and steady airplay on their "CN Tower" signal on CILQ-FM and CFNY-FM. The band is recording the follow-up disk at Soundstage.

The Diodes tour plans have not come through, as planned but an Aragon date is firmed in Chi- cago, Jan. 20, with the Ramones and Runaways.

CANADA'S PREMIERE NEW WAVE BAND!

(aside)

by Lotte Lascivious-Nesse

.....lotsa dirt and scummy true-life facts abound on Toronto's nouveau vague.....the scamps.....Viletones bound for the home of steak and kidney pie?...Freddy has even returned to Philly to get his passport...but what about that looming statutory rape charge?... ...As the Dog approaches 30, the hairline recedes, the waistband expands, and one's taste in women matures.....the B-Girls certainly were spectacular at the Horseshoe with Pere Ubu and the decidedly dated Suicide Commandos.....new drummer and B-Boy Ronald rumoured

WED. TO SAT.
12 NOON
TO 6 P.M.



SIX SMALL WHITE COFFINS lay in the sunlight prior to the burial of the slain Nelson children. —upi

Dad denies guilt as 6 kids buried

ROCKFORD, Ill. (UPI) —
A hulking, 6-foot-4, 275-pound
employment counselor told a
judge yesterday

The children's mother, refused to
Ann Nelson, 37, and other
family

SICK SOCIETY

SICK STUFF FOR A SICK SOCIETY

45's + EP's BY LOCAL ANTI HEROS: POLES,
VILETONES, DIODES, DISHES ZOOM
CURSE,

ALSO IMPORTS FROM U.S. AND U.K., PUNKZINES

POPULAR STYLES BY MARGARITA PASSION

OH YEAH
"PIN BALL"

1978
NEW ROSE

26

367 QUEEN ST. EAST,

TORONTO

368-0325



ROBERT BARRY FFRANCOS

CHILD STARS The Diodes' Trip To New York City

CANADA'S
PREMIERE
NEW WAVE
BAND!

CANADA'S
PREMIERE
NEW WAVE
BAND!

CANADA'S
PREMIERE
NEW WAVE
BAND!

CANADA'S
PREMIERE
NEW WAVE
BAND!

In late January 1978 I got this phone call from Ralph "Bomp de Bomb" Alphonso all the way from Toronto to my house in Brooklyn to tell me Thé Diodes were coming to New York to play a club called The Great Gildersleeves (practically next door to CBGBs). He invited me down to see them and interview them the following day. I agreed to do both. TUESDAY FEBRUARY 21 1978: I get to the club at eight so I can get a good seat. I needn't have bothered as there were only about ten people in the audience. And The Diodes were nowhere in sight! The group they were to share the bill with, Uncle Son (yawn), set up their equip and did three songs as a sound-check. NINE-THIRTY and still no sign of The Diodes. I got so desperate I started to watch Laverne And Shirley on the TV at the bar. The manager of Uncle Son comes over to me and says "Are you waiting for one of the bands?" and I say "Diodes". "Oh, they cancelled, but why don't you stick around and see Uncle Son" was his reply. "Nah, they suck". "They aren't bad". "Are you kidding? I saw their sound-check and they suck". He walked away and I walked out. Figuring my night was shot, I decided to see who was playing at CBGBs. It seemed The Blessed were headlining and I hadn't seen them yet but heard they were great. I bopped in and got a seat next to this bunch of smart-asses who "came to see the freaks". I ignored them. When they started shouting things like "Do your guidance counsellors know what you're doing" and "Go back to New Jersey" I told them to get the fuck out before they got hurt. Now, I'm not an imposing figure, but they beat it the hell out of there. The Blessed played their top hit "Kindergarten Erection" and a slew of others. They got the celebrity-packed (Michael Terese - Ramones Fan Club, Walter Lure - Heartbreakers, Elvis Costello) crowd hopping. Next on stage was a group called Waldo And The Electric Weirdos which included a CBGBs waitress, Allison. Every once in awhile someone in the audience would shout out "Hey, Allison!" and she'd stop playing and shout back "Whaddya want?" Real cool. Then up jumps Russell and Tish of The Sick Fucks. What a night! I'm almost glad The Diodes - remember The Diodes? This is an article about The Diodes. I'm sure their day will come too.

Robert Barry is editor of FFRANZINE which is as good a fanzine from New York City as I've ever seen. See for yourself by sending a buck to PO Box 109, Parkville Station, Brooklyn, New York, USA. Zip Code 11204. R.B. promises additional Diodes articles for up-coming PPs.

HEARTBREAKERS IN LONDON

L.A.M.F.

THE HEARTBREAKERS
(Track Import 2409-218)

I remember in high school that the shop teacher didn't like me very much because I had this habit of getting a few people together at the anvil and then having them pound together in unison and shout Hey Hey Hey... Oh well, most of my high school teachers thought I was strange, including the

way should be confused with the great Jan And Dean / Loved Ones song of the same name, and "I Wanna Be Loved" are bum-wiggling rockabillicies

KNIGHTSBRIDGE $\frac{3}{4}$

SOUTH KENSINGTON $\frac{1}{4}$

one that hinted I should see a shrink after she read an essay of mine that was sort of a Blank Generation type of thing so now that you readers know what kind of cretin is writing this little jobber, I can go on and tell you that I heard a great song a few times last summer that was so good that even after hea-

while "It's Not Enough" is sort of a combination of Teenage Head's "Kissa My Face" and Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Who Will Stop The Rain". A cute little rocker called "All By Myself", which in no way should be confused with the disgusting Eric Carmen song of

ring the Pistols album, after seeing and hearing The Ramones, Teenage Head, The Viletones and The Dead Boys, this one song was still stuck in my mind. That song is "Chinese Rocks" by The Heartbreakers and now the 'Breakers have their debut album out. This group includes Johnny Thunders and Jerry Nolan from the great late New York Dolls. Walter Lure, on second lead, guitar, and Billy Rath on bass finish off the gang who can claim that they actually toured with The Sex Pistols and yet were never invited on TV to spit and swear. Anyway, the album is great. It starts with "Born To Lose" (or "Born Too Loose" as it's called on the jacket. I like that title better). It's a great little number featuring chunky guitars and real cool vocals. "Baby Talk", which in no

the same name, plus "Chinese Rocks" complete Side One. As I said before "Chinese Rocks" is the most memorable song I've heard in a long time. It kicks off with a riff that has its origins in Kiss but the riff ends abruptly and they start singing while the drums are just thundering like nothing you've ever heard. Then there's the chorus - again featuring great drum work. This song drives me nuts and the only other things that can drive me so crazy are The Sex Pistols, Teenage Head live, Get Smart, RAW POWER, Ed McMahon, The Gong Show, and Monty Python. And that's just Side One! Side Two is just as great with the greatest being "Get Off The Phone", "I Love You", "One Track Mind", and "Let's Go",

Are we there yet? Jerry Nolan, Billy Rath, Walter Lure, and Johnny Thunders $\frac{3}{4}$ of a kilometer from Knightsbridge and $\frac{1}{4}$ from South Ken.

Photos by ~~Lee Black Childers~~ Johnny Pig

REVIEW

"A TONIC TO THE NATION"



A tonic to the nation? Many Britishers don't think so. But, then, what do they know.

which in no way should be confused with the great Venturers song of the same name. Generally, this LP is just amazing rock'n'roll and it kicks ya in the head the same way a bunch of goons pounding on an anvil would. But, to quote Shaun Cassidy, "That's rock'n'

roll" because great rock'n' roll is played with guts and it is played out, not thought out - too much thinking will kill you, so don't think about rock'n' roll, just do it. And while you're in the rock'n'roll mood, get this record.

-Arnold The Pig

The boys stop for a rest on their jaunt in the London afternoon.

LITTLE RECORD REVIEWS by GARY PIG

ELVIS COSTELLO THIS YEARS MODEL (Radar RAD-3): Yes, it's better than MY AIM IS TRUE, but come to think of it, what isn't? FIVE AND A HALF OINKS



Time for a tube ride back to the hotel.



NYC's one and only heartbreakingest band, The Heartbreakers, flew to London to join the Sex Pistols and the Clash for a tour of England that is already spoken of as one of the legendary moments in rock & roll by those who know.

THE RICH KIDS "RICH KIDS"/"EMPTY WORDS" (EMI 2738):

A hot (red vinyl) debut from (S)ex-Pistol Glen Matlock's Revenge. "Rich Kids" (the song) is the best I've heard since "Keys To Your Heart-Heart". "Empty Words" is, though. Rich Kids (the group), despite bad concert review after bad concert review in the British press, seem worthy of succeeding in their mission of replacing punk with pop. **TEN OINKS**



XTC WHITE MUSIC (Virgin V-2095): I was wrong when I predicted nobody could top last season's XTC 3D. Somebody did. XTC. (Dear Jean-Marie Heimrath: For god's sake sign this band to Polydor-Canada). All I can tell you shoppers out there is Never Mind The Pistols: XTC have an LP out. **TEN OINKS**

Johnny lounges before showtime.

THE MOTORS, PENETRATION, THE TABLE, AVANT GARDNER, XTC, ROKY ERICKSON, POET AND THE ROOTS, X-RAY SPEX on a big ten-inch record called **GUILLOTINE** (Virgin VCL-5001): They've finally run out of record sizes. The scores, in order, **TEN, EIGHT, SEVEN, TWO, TEN, SEVEN, ZERO, TEN OINKS**



Johnny gets ready to go to the theater.

THE DAMNED MUSIC FOR PLEASURE (Stiff SEZ-5): Boy, I prefer changing the kitty litter in the dark than listening to this. **ONE OINK** (coz Rat Scabies had the sense to break up the band)

IGGY POP AND JAMES WILLIAMSON KILL CITY I'll review it when you send it to me, Greg



CINDY PIG

Johnny and Johnny talked about the reaction of the British press to the Heartbreakers, Sex Pistols, and Clash.

THE MONKEES MORE OF THE MONKEES (Arista IES-80453):

This re-issue of Davy, Mickey, Mike, Pete's all-time best LP - one of the greatest records ever - has restored my confidence in Clive Davis and the Japanese, who re-issued it. The joy of hearing "Look Out (Here Comes Tomorrow)" and "Mary Mary" again is nearly enough to make me forget Pearl Harbour. **TEN OINKS**

(EDDIE AND) THE (HOT) RODS LIFE ON THE LINE (Island ILPS-9059):

Not as foot-tapping as **TEENAGE DEPRESSION**. Odd, since "Do Anything You Wanna Do" is by far their terrificest cut. **SEVEN OINKS**

BLOWFISH IN THE NEW WAVE (Varulven BLO-1):

Jeremy should've stuck this in his Stupid Songs column. But I must admit this collection of National Lampoon Radio Hour outflakes is endearing. After all, with subjects like George Harrison and The Ramones, comedy can't. Send your \$2 cheque to Paul Lovell, PO Box 132, Chesnut Hill, MA 02617. You'll get lotsa junk for money, plus the disc. **TEN GRUNTS**

THE CADS "DO THE CRABWALK"/"YOU WEREN'T BORN YESTERDAY"/"OVER MY DEAD BODY"/"SEX WAS THE ONLY WAY OUT" (BI-R get it? "Buy Out" 001):

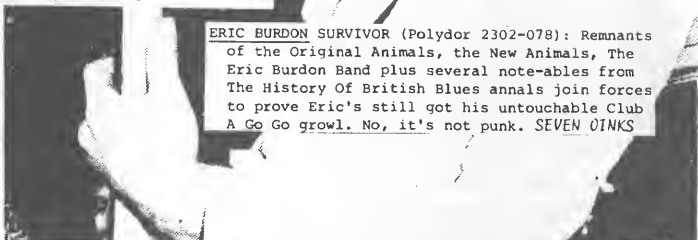
Latest from the latest Ontario College Of Art-rockers. A funny sleeve and record company name, a dance craze, an ex-Diode on bass... These fellas have sure come a long way since their "Sardines Are Useless" daze last summer. In the words of Gerry Marsden, I like it, I like it. **NINE OINKS** Get Yours at 613A College Street No.3, Toronto.

PATTI SMITH (GROUP) EASTER (Arista AB-4171):

Her/their best yet. Good to see someone else saw Peter Watkin's cinematic mildstone "Privilege". Neat underarm hair too. **SEVEN OINKS**

THE RUTLES ALL YOU NEED IS CASH (Warners HS-3151):

How great to have The Album Of The Year out in March! Their mock-Merseybeat beats the newave hands down, though the joke wears thin by the end of Side One. Is it the new Bonzo Dog Band and/or Flamin Groovies album? **EIGHT OINKS**



ERIC BURDON SURVIVOR (Polydor 2302-078): Remnants of the Original Animals, the New Animals, The Eric Burdon Band plus several note-ables from The History Of British Blues annals join forces to prove Eric's still got his untouchable Club A Go Go growl. No, it's not punk. **SEVEN OINKS**

VARIOUS ARTISTS GEEF VOOR NEW WAVE (Ariola 25541-ET):

One of the longest-standing acts in the biz go punk with wicked renditions of "Roadrunner", "Motorhead", The Specs' "I'm On Fire" and (talk about Cash-In) "Pretty Vacant". Not as good as their 1964 Capitol release **SMASHING SMASHERS FROM ENGLAND**. **SIX OINKS**

NICK LOWE JESUS OF COOL (Radar RAD-1):

What a letdown from his delicious **BOWI EP!** J OF C is nothing more than a batch of Beach Boys and Jimmy Cliff imitations in an op art sleeve. I never thought such a genius could stoop so low. **FIVE AND A QUARTER OINKS**

MONTRECO IN THE NEW WAVE (THREE-DISCOMIX SET)

A Montreal firm has somehow acquired the rights to three (that I know of) releases, packaged them in suede-o punk black'n'white, and tossed them at an unsuspecting market. Here they are:

- (1) **VENUS AND THE RAZOR BLADES "I WANNA BE) WHERE THE BOYS ARE"/"DOG FOOD"/"PUNK-A-RAMA"/"ALRIGHT YOU GUYS" (Montreco EPMRC-3001):** I can hardly wait till Kim Fowley gets his hands on Teenage Head's tapes **FOUR OINKS**
- (2) **VILETONES "SCREAMING FIST"/"POSSIBILITIES"/"REBEL" (Montreco EPMRC-3006):** Even better than the Vile issue (see page 14) thanks to a twelve-inch's increased volume possibilities. Still the best from Canada, needless to say. **TEN OINKS AT LEAST**
- (3) **ACTION "TV'S ON THE BLINK"/"DOWN TOWN BOY"/"WAITING FOR THE MAN"/"DO THE STRANGLE" (Montreco EPMRC-3007):** Good solid r'n'r in the tradition of Johnny Moped and the Rods. Sounds Canadian too. **SEVEN OINKS**

Johnny rocks out during the Heartbreakers' exciting, original rock & roll set. □

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A Revue: 19551. 14 College (at York).

must have excellent appearance:

to have been discovered by Loucasta in a Mr. Submarine.....Ronald to get the shove in place of trend monster Debra Kadaver?...when in Toronto Greg Shaw of Bomp stays with the B-Girls....much to Ralph Alfonzo's consternation.....is Mr. Shaw setting up a tour with those Bad Blonde Gurlz and the Romantics....pause for screaming... ..but what about Ms. Rochas country and western career?...seems daddy Mort the jingle meister was willing to invest and Diode John Hamilton and Tone Chris Hate were writing material, but hold on to your birth certificate Laura Lee Ross has a nice ring to it.... ..seems Runaways Joan Jett and Sandy West look down upon the weaker sex(that's boys to you) while Lita Ford likes to beat them up... ..poor Vicki Blue thinks she's with a bunccha loonies....Remember what they did to poor Jackie Fox.....the Romantics are all over 25 pas it on.....Diodes (you remember them) dropped by CBS world-wide? ..Whaddaya mean they're the biggest selling CBS import in the US next to the Clash and Zon.....Paul spotted in trendy but boys-only disco (that's right) Le Jardin in Montreal...Mike of the Dishes is Coca-Cola's official billboard boy for summer '78.....he's also on a box of body filler....Elvis Costello was very nice to Cindy of the Denteens, thank-you, and did not do any of those horrid things everyone's talking about....however, the Attractions were less than gentlemen to the other Denteens.....yes, the Denteens are from Thornhill and have completely eclipsed the Dents.....even played the Isabella with the Curse.....one-song repetoire: The Locomotion abetted bt aging Dish made them appear like a punk Staple Singers... ..OK kids, back into the truck....the Curse are not contaminated with social disease, only social upheaval.....Dr. Bourque working on her doctorate by correspondence.....and isn't that Dave Stone (likely name) of Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow (big in Japan) behind the console for the Curse?.....and one of the Stampedeers.....Jane Freidman to your reporter (she manages Patti Smith TV and Cale) about Poles: I haven't heard them. Michael sez they're the biggest group in Canada.....cough... ..Teen-age Head single due?.....Battered Wives at the Jam still boring.....General Idea of FILE: Punk til you Puke on tour in Europe courtesy External Affairs.....shake-up in the Muffins: balding Eno figure Jackie Dave Mylar splits to be replaced by yet another girl named Martha ..does this make them the Marthas and the Muffins.....low profile Muffin Carl maybe indistinct on stage but his bank balance looms mighty.... ..he just purchased a \$100,000 home in (where else?) Thornhill...those investments in Curse and Dishes records must be paying off.....nothing to say about the New Japs except guitarist Jimmy Jack Splatt to make the move from home in Thornhill (what is it about this burg?) to a slip at the Toronto Yacht Club where his new cabin cruiser waits....and don't slip on the dock with the empties, Jimbo.....Johnny Johnny and the 3 G-Men spot; Country Bob to get his haircut?....trendy L'ori Ental at the scissors... ..and what's this about Johnny not taking showers properly.....you put the shower curtain inside the tub....gotta mop.....Rough Trade have quietly evaporated after a testy time in the courts....Carole n Kevan go solo... ..it's about time.....anything to say about Goddo's "Carole, Kiss My Whip"?"No" yawned the dyke by default....and little brother Howard Pope making quite the splash with Drastic Measures.....watch out Tony Silly Malone may appear asleep, but.....lan of the Diodes still works at the Peter Pan when not touring the Orient.....Dave Buchanan of Geek Chic and Fashion Burn fame working on TV show under the new alias LaMonte del Monte....the show? ..Fruit Cocktails, of course.....nothing to say about the Cads, dad but Bag Asteroid (aka Buck Oysteroyd and his Bagaroos) should be cautious about married women.....Machine Rock is Jeffrey Morgan....he wrote a rave review of himself in CREEM.....classic, Jeff, ya wimp.....

(TV, radio or Press)

ANY incidents in which individuals or companies have been falsely quoted, misrepresented or malignantly misrepresented in the interest to Box 1000, share ex-

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1950's-Tape HUMA. CKEV. songs, etc.) 421-

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Gary Dean David Michael knowing her contact J. Cien- Fri. 9-5 p.m.

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IAN, late 40s, looking for a woman companion, not over 40, no depend- Bn's. Reply Rny 54 Star

STY:

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No long list of Thank Yous this issue except to the growing number of you who have begun to realize what we're here for and respond with stories, pics, suggestions, and help. In place of the Thank Yous, a reminder that PIG Records (with big distribution schemes accomodating all major markets!) is looking for talent. Send your tapes, hype, etc. to PIG PRODUCTIONS, 70 COTTON DRIVE, MISSISSAUGA, ONTARIO, CANADA, L5G 1Z9. Those who already have now own Dodge Estate Wagons! And to all you potential pigs out there, Keep those cards and letters (and gossip and stories and pics and reviews and one dollar bills) coming! The better you do the better we do, understand? And I PROMISE I'll have the next PP out on time this time. PS: Contributions are now being accepted for the SEND THE PIGS TO SUNNY CALIFORNIA Fund.



Dear Gary,

Thanks for PP#7. Like it very much. Outside of LA, Toronto seems to be the most exciting scene in N.America, and I'm very anxious to check it out one of these days. I hope to come there within the next couple months. I've been very impressed with almost all the Toronto groups I've heard. My favourite is The B-Girls, although I haven't heard them. I just have a feeling I'm gonna love'em. I like #7 very much, as I said. Great to see Stanley Frank (my hero) written about in a punk magazine, great to see The Beechnuts in PIG's Top Ten, great to see Freddie & The Dreamers and The Hollies. Hope to see something on KILL CITY in PP8.

Hope to hear from you soon,
Greg Shaw

BOMP Magazine, BOMP Records, BOMPBooks

LETTERS FROM YOU



LETTERS TO SIMPLY SAUCER

Hi!

My name is Sherry. Please give this letter to the guy who was wearing a white scarf who had long hair cut in angel wings. In ROCK SCENE Magazine. Dear Victim,

I love to do all these deliciously painful things to you that make you writhe and groan in ecstasy. My 7-inch platforms are at the ready should you be in the mood for heavy sport. And my mouth is there to tell you all the horrible things you thought you'd never hear (but love hearing!). I can see you from the corners of my eyes and I know what you do when the lights go out. I bleed for you and you wonder if I'm crazy. I am.

Love, Sherry

I love you. You don't know me but I love you. I have brown hair and eyes. I'm 5 feet 4 inches. And I weigh 93 lbs. Would you come to my band banquet. Please!?! I love you, your gorgeous. Are you married. Bring the other members of Simply Saucer they would have a good time. We can get some "Coke", "Columbian", or "Redbud". "Speed" or anything else you want but it will be this summer. Send me a picture of you I'll send you one of me. I really want to meet you. Why don't you come to Alabama it's a little warmer down here. Theirs lots of places to play. Birmingham, Huntsville, Montgomery, Mobile and theirs lots of places in states around Ala. like Nashville Tenn, Chattanooga Tenn. Atlanta Georgia etc. Stevenson is a small place but people are friendly. I was planning on going to Canada this summer with one of my friends but we don't know anyone up there except a few of my cousins in Quebec. I want Simply Saucer to make it big to really go places but if you do I'll never see you. Come on down for the winter. I want you to come to my band banquet Come over to my house. I have my own room. I love you.

Sherry

PS: I love red roses.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

RED
TAPE

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